

# Holmes County Republican.

J. Caskey, Editor and Proprietor.

Office—Washington Street, Third Door South of Jackson.

Terms—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

VOL. 2.

MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1858.

NO. 44.

## Poetry.

### DON'T SAY "YOU CAN'T."

Don't say "you can't!" there's joy in store  
For all the happy humbler;  
And there is too  
For all below,  
Who chose to fret and grumble.  
Each has a duty to perform,  
To "fill an order."  
To do what you can  
To be a man,  
And Heaven be your rewarder.  
Don't say "you can't!" but strive to think  
That old Webster never meant it;  
Or if he did,  
His conscience hid  
Him long ago from it.

Man is a Reaper, sent to bind  
The harvest golden-angled;  
And mean the sloth  
Who quits his swath  
Because the grain is tangled.

Don't say "you can't!" we're sent to toil,  
Where spades and sickles glitter;  
Then brother, be  
Your honest roe,  
And the sweet and bitter.

Don't say "you can't!" let us, while here,  
Lean one upon the other;  
Demand the hill  
With right good will,  
And aid a fallen brother.

The clock on yonder mantle-piece  
Is a picture human;  
The brass, in part,  
Shows man's heart,  
In part the bell is woman!

The faithful hands more round and round,  
To count the swift hours golden;  
Each tiny wheel,  
That turns with zeal,  
Shows each to each beholden.

Then, brother, head the simple text,  
And be a better neighbor;  
Don't say "you can't!"  
But, like the ant,  
Load up, and strive, and labor.

## Miscellaneous.

### Wonderful Case of Disputed Personal Identity.

McAuley, or not McAuley? that is the question.

The great question at Portsmouth, Ohio—is whether a certain individual is or is not "McAuley." We quote the points from the Portsmouth Tribune of June 17th: It seems that in the spring of 1852 a man named Robt. H. McAuley left this country for California. He had been raised a few miles above the city, near Lucasville; had been married in that neighborhood; and was well known by a large circle of friends and relatives, including a half-brother, and quite a number of relatives of his wife. He left a wife and two children. During his absence of six years he has been in correspondence with his relatives; and some months since they received a letter from him in California, stating that he was out of health, and if he had money he would return home. His friends were raising money among themselves to send for him, which they were about doing, when, lo! and behold, they were astounded by an emaciated, worn out looking man appearing before them, and claiming to be the venerable man McAuley.

He was apparently in the last stages of consumption, weak, tremulous, and scarcely able to talk. His mind seemed unbalanced; at times he would talk rationally, and allude to persons, places or things in a manner indicating a former acquaintance; and again he would relapse into a positive stupor, or converse in a disconnected unintelligible manner. Those who had known McAuley long and well, some of whom had been raised with him—worked with him—eaten and slept with him—looked long and dubiously upon the stranger, and shook their heads, utterly unable to recognize a feature of the McAuley they had known. His brother regarded him as an impostor—his wife utterly refused to receive or treat him as her husband. His father-in-law, sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law repudiated him entirely, and laughed at the idea of any one believing him to be Robert H. McAuley. Meanwhile the rumor of the returned Californian and his mysterious metamorphosis, spread far and wide. People talked upon the streets and corners—upon the roads, and highways and by-ways. A thousand different versions of the matter were related from mouth to ear, and again distorted, exaggerated, magnified and distorted to grating lengths. Some of McAuley's old acquaintances declared it was McAuley. Others declared it was not. Crowds gathered around the invalid, and worried him with questions. Occasionally some one would get a word from him in reference to the past, which was seized as indubitable evidence of its being the McAuley. Then argument and disputations arose between the parties—some being strongly in the belief that it was McAuley, and others just as confirmed in the belief that it was an impostor. In the meantime, the sick man, rejected and disowned by those he claimed as relatives, returned to town; and here he was constantly surrounded by persons of all the interest and curiosity that the unphilosophical crowd upon seeing the elephant. His relatives anxious to be convinced that it was him, came in and again endeavored to recognize something proving his identity; but they were forced to return more fully satisfied than ever, that he was not the man he professed to be.

The question arose whether the real McAuley had no marks by which he could be identified. His friends said yes; One of his toes had been split with an axe; he had a scar on one hand and another mark under one eye. McAuley the second was examined, and strange to tell he bore the identical marks. Here was confusion worse confounded. When McAuley left here, his eyes were dark brown, his hair straight coarse and grey. He was an erect, muscular man of 175 pounds weight. The shadow of a man now calling himself McAuley, has rather fine hair, inclined to curl, and it is scarcely grey at all; his eyes are dark blue. It is claimed by those who believe him the real McAuley, that climate and sickness and time have made these changes. McAuley worked for Mr. John Feurt several years before he went to California, and he left Mr. Feurt in charge of his unsettled business. A correspondence has been kept up between them. Mr. Feurt confronts the man and cannot believe him to be McAuley. He visits him repeatedly and talks to him, but no change is made in Mr. Feurt's mind. Finally, at an interview on Saturday last, the stranger put a question to Mr. Feurt in regard to his unsettled business left in Feurt's hands, and asked if he (Feurt) had paid over the money he had collected, to his (McAuley's) wife. This staggered Mr. Feurt's belief, and he concluded it must be his old friend McAuley. He took him home with him and kept him until this morning. In the meantime he used every means to satisfy himself as to the identity of the man. But this morning the invalid returned to town, and Mr. Feurt tells us, that he is not McAuley. Mr. Feurt's mother, on the contrary, declares that it is McAuley.

Mr. Aaron Noel, another old friend of McAuley, failed to recognize him, after several interviews. Finally he asked the stranger if they ever had any dealings together. The sick man looked at him, and replied, "Yes, you bought a heifer at my sale, when I was going away." This was another strong point, in Mr. Noel's opinion, and he felt constrained to yield his doubts, for he had bought a heifer as stated. But to-day, (Monday), after further enquiry and investigation, Noel repudiates the man as McAuley.

Messrs. M. Kehoe, Henry Hall, and others, of whom McAuley purchased goods for years, before he left, all fail to recognize their old customer in the new man.

Mr. John Clarke, who accompanied McAuley across the plains in 1852, failed to recognize this man as McAuley at first; but upon conversing with him, he is satisfied that he is the bona fide McAuley. Mr. William Williams, who met him, respectively in California, says he is McAuley. Mr. J. O. Johnson, of Lucasville, an old acquaintance, is positive that he sees McAuley in the returned Californian. Mr. William Musser, of this place, a brother-in-law of McAuley, declares this man is not McAuley. Mr. James Long, of this place, who knew the man well, says he is McAuley.

Mr. Leonard Groniger, another old acquaintance of McAuley's, indignantly rejects this man as his old friend. Mr. James Huston has a crooked finger; and he asked this mysterious stranger if he knew how that happened. The man replied, "Yes, I bit it." Huston says, several years ago he and McAuley got into a fight, and McAuley bit his finger joint, and made it crooked!

We are simply giving facts, as related by the persons themselves, without attempting to prove pro or con. We believe McAuley's relatives are honest in their opinions; and they have a right to act in accordance with such opinions.

As we never saw McAuley before he left for California, we do not pretend to judge this man. One would suppose that a wife would be competent to speak correctly in such a case; and yet all are ready to ask what object a stranger would have in attempting such an imposition. If it is McAuley, he has a hard time of it. Sick, nearly into death, with one foot in the grave, he comes a long and weary journey to die among his friends, and is disowned, and put aside as a stranger.

If he is not McAuley, he is certainly making but a poor speculation in the attempted imposition. He left on the Boston to-day, for Cincinnati, to get his trunk and papers, which he claims will prove his identity. Mr. John Clark went down with him; so we will know more upon the return of the boat.

DEATH OF A CIRCUS ACTOR.—By the last mail from the West, letters were received in this city giving an account of the violent death of James McFarland, the circus performer attached to Spaulding & Rogers' Circus Company, now traveling in Western Missouri, at the hands of a Mr. Roberts, landlord of a hotel in Liberty, Missouri.

It appears that the above company, and that of North's, were to perform at Liberty on the same day, May 27th; that Miss Caskey, formerly Mrs. McFarland, was travelling with North's Company, and on their arrival in the morning, at the hotel where they were to put up, Mr. North instructed the landlord to keep strict watch over the lady, and to enter her room, or to see her, alleging, as a reason for particular caution, that McFarland was attached to a rival company, a desperate man, and intent on doing serious mischief.

On reaching the town, about 10 A. M., the deceased proceeded to the hotel, examined the register, and asked the landlord to be conducted to the room of his wife, as he wished to see her. To this request the landlord refused permission. He then made a movement to proceed up stairs unaccompanied, when the landlord, armed with a bowie knife, immediately stepped forward in a threatening attitude to dispute the passage. Hard words ensued, and drawing their weapons simultaneously, a desperate fight occurred. McFarland was stabbed in the neck, separating the jugular vein, and was also cut several times in the body; the first blow being enough to cause death, as he died in about three minutes after. The deceased drew his weapon and fired one load, but missed his antagonist. Every attempt to fire subsequently was ineffectual, from the caps snapping. The burial of the deceased took place the day following, and was attended by all the members of Spaulding & Rogers' company. It is hardly possible there will be any legal investigation into this unhappy affair. —Philadelphia Press.

## Romance in Real Life.

The Bucyrus Journal relates the following:

There has been a thousand stories written, and tales told of lovers finding lovers, husbands discovering wives, and brothers encountering sisters, after years of separation, so there will be nothing particularly interesting to our readers in the following circumstances, unless it derives interest from the fact, that it is strictly true, and that many of them know the parties. We do not of course give the real names.

Fifteen years ago, there resided in Homer, New York, a man named S., who had a wife and one child—a daughter. When the daughter was five years old, the mother died, and the father inconsolable at the loss, determined to leave the scene of his afflictions. He sold his property, converted his whole effects into ready money, and confiding his daughter to the charge of a friend, left the country.

For ten long years he was absent. In that time he had visited all parts of the globe. A restless, roving disposition had seized him, and remaining in one spot was impossible. Asia, Africa, Europe were traversed, the burning suns of the Tropics scorched his brow, and the icy blasts of the Arctic, chilled his cheek. He delighted in adventure, and the wilder the excursion and the more danger that accompanied it the more it pleased him. He never corresponded with his friends at home, and all that time he had heard no tidings from them.

Finally, he tired of adventure and turned his face homeward. He came, but alas! a new and terrible fate awaited him. The friend to whom he had confided his child had died; his wife after her death had placed the child into other hands, they had moved westward and died, and the child was lost sight of entirely. No clue to guide the distressed parent could be obtained. He had no hopes of being able to recognize her, for ten years had elapsed since he had seen her, and in that time she had grown from a child to a woman, and there were but two marks by which he could identify her—while a child an ax had fallen and cut off the little toe of her right foot; and on another occasion she had been severely scalded on the right arm near the shoulder. He made all the search possible, but was finally forced to give it up, and mourned his child as inevitably lost. He finally settled near Bucyrus, and married again.

About six weeks ago, he happened to pass by the room in his house occupied by a servant girl who had resided with him for nearly two years, at a time when she was about to retire, and the door being open he saw her foot. He merely glanced at it, and happened to notice that the toe of the right foot was missing. He thought nothing of it at the time, but after retiring the idea struck him that it might be the daughter he had searched for so long. At first he dismissed the thought as improbable, but it still forced itself upon him, until finally he requested his wife to go to the room and ascertain whether there were or not marks of a scald upon her right arm. She went, and to his immense delight, reported the mark there. The girl was awakened—in the middle of the night—was questioned as to her origin. She could only tell them that she did not know her parents, that her earliest recollections were that she had lived somewhere in the west with a family named—(naming the family she had been left with by the woman originally entrusted with her); that at their death she was taken charge of by the overseer of the poor, a place provided for her, that she had come to Bucyrus with a family, and supported herself by doing housework since.

This tallied so nearly with the already ascertained facts in the case, that the next day the father started east with her, and visited the different points she had named, ascertaining to her great joy, that she was in truth his daughter.

She is an extremely beautiful girl, of great natural intelligence, and though totally uneducated is still interesting. She is now at Granville, Ohio, receiving an education, to fit her for the new station she has assumed in life.

## Encroachments of the Lake.

Mr. Henry Lovejoy, an old citizen of Buffalo sends to the Buffalo Express the following communication relating to the encroachments of the lake in that vicinity:

In the year 1841 the shore of Lake Erie from the head of what is now Black Rock Harbor, to the point opposite the first gate on the turnpike, was much further south and west than it now is. At that time one dense forest covered the entire shore between those two points. From a little above the present Liget House Pier, for a mile or more up, one continuous arbor of trees on the height of the beach, connected by the native grape vine, formed in summer a cool and delightful retreat; and by holding the sands of the beach in their native position, formed a barrier which the storms of the lake never passed. From a little below the mouth of the Buffalo Creek down, the same arbor of trees and vines, if anything more picturesque and inviting, continued to near the foot of York street, relieved by several sand hills more than 40 feet high, covered with large trees and shrubbery, which entirely shut out the back lands—which were swampy—from view. From the cutting away of the trees, the construction of the light house pier, or the obstructions in the river (or, as I think, by a higher level of the lake), an entire change has taken place. From the foot of Erie to the foot of Jersey street, about 100 acres have been lost, and the sand hills long since have been entirely swept away. About 15 acres of land have accumulated in and at the head of Black Rock Harbor since its construction. From the light house pier up to the South Channel, (so called) about 20 acres have been lost, and mostly from lots 47, 48, 49 and 50. From the South Channel up about 2 miles about 120 acres has been lost, or a little more than half the land between the lake and the turnpike, making about 240 acres less within what is now the city limits.

## Freaks of Madness.

We condense from the Detroit Free Press one of the most remarkable instances of real or feigned madness, which we ever read of.

Two unmarried brothers, Frenchmen, named Doyon, lived with an unmarried sister about twelve miles from Detroit. These men were eccentric and associated little with their neighbors. They originally were Romanists, and were superstitious, and did foolish things such as cut off the tails of the cattle to let out the bad spirits. Lately they have renounced their religion and have had no particular religious creed, only embracing the idea that a good or bad spirit dwelt in every human or brute. For a few days previous to the scene related below, the neighbors had noticed the conduct of the Doyons to be more than usually strange. On Tuesday morning, the 3d, a Mrs. Vanderbusch, living opposite these Frenchmen, heard the report of a gun in their house and the scream of a female. She ran to a neighbor and while going heard two more shots and looking towards the house saw the Doyon brothers breaking the doors and windows. The whole neighborhood was alarmed, but no one dare go near the house. Finally a Mr. Carls had the courage to go near and call to the Doyons to come out. Auguste came to the door with nothing on save a pair of pants, and having in his hand a club, and on Carls approaching struck him, knocking him down, but Carls managed to escape. A consultation was had, and in the afternoon, the neighbors rallied and attempted to force the house. The two mad men met the party and felled the first one, Mr. Kaufman, to the ground, breaking the skull. The second man met a like fate, and the party retreated, carrying off the two wounded men.

The Doyons, left alone, commenced a demolition of the furniture, the ceiling, and partitions, and to empty the house of its contents, and were thus occupied until the next day, so that nothing was left save the bare log walls, everything moveable being thrown into the water near by. The neighbors, so very superstitious that they will not touch these articles. On Wednesday afternoon the brothers were seen to bring out the naked dead body of their sister, they too being entirely mad. They covered her body with a box and endeavored to sink it, but failing in that carried it back to the house. Twice they brought out the body, one having hold of the head, the other the feet, and dashing it into the water and washing it returned to the house. In their effort to return the body they said they stated that they baptized their sister three times in order to make a Protestant of her, that they were commanded by the Almighty to do so, but at the last immersion she was so long under water as to be drowned. After these washings they threw the body out of the back door of the house. About four o'clock Wednesday they bore the body of their sister on their shoulders to the barn, across the road. All these things were done when the men were in a nude state and in full view of all the neighbors.

At the barn they laid the body on the floor and began to empty the building of its contents, which done, they took a heavy whip, known as the "black snake" whip, and commenced whipping the corpse, calling upon it in French to "get up." They then closed the scene by a fight between themselves. How long they fought is not known, but the marks on their bodies show how desperate it was. They afterwards took the body of their sister and placing it in a wagon covered it with straw and left it. Arming themselves with pitchforks they started through the woods toward Gratiot. Through the rain, and the darkness, stark naked, they made their way, and at midnight arrived bleeding cold and exhausted at Mr. Pulcher's, reporting there that they were pursued by the neighbors, who sought to kill them, and that the Lord had instructed them to flee there for succor. Pulcher took them in, put them to bed, where they fell asleep, and then summoned the neighbors to his assistance. They slept until morning, and in the morning were persuaded to dress, and then related their story, the brother Auguste doing the most of the talking. The brothers were taken in irons to the Mt. Clemens jail. The elder brother refused food, and he had again stripped themselves.

Of course the supposition is the men are insane. Yet the Free Press most pertinently says that it seems strange two persons should suddenly at the same time, become deranged, and that too on the same subject and in precisely the same manner, and unite to carry out their insane ravings in harmony.

We notice by the Detroit Advertiser that the Coroner's Jury have found that the brothers are insane. —Cleveland Herald.

CHICAGO MORALS.—Some years ago an amusing article went the rounds of Newspapers, headed "Where they go to, who die in Chicago." It appears that the morals of the great prairie City have been not a whit improved since that time, at least to Judge from the following sketch of the doings of a few of the leading citizens, which we clip from an exchange:

During a short space of time, in the city of Chicago, the Mayor has been arrested twice; two Justices of the Peace have been sent to Bridewell for conspiracy to extort money from prostitutes; a constable has been similarly punished for the same crime; an editor—by the way, was sent to Alton, to work for the Government, for robbing the post office; an attorney has been indicted for bribery in the trial of the same case, and the trial of a County Supervisor is just closed for a crime even worse than either of the former, yet, in justice to the latter, we will say he was discharged.

SHOCKING CHURCHWARDENISM.—The vestry of a great metropolitan parish have, we are informed, come to the determination of having the sides of the church doors in all the churches under their control fresh painted every Saturday, with the savage and brutal view of putting some limit to the expansion of petticoats.

## Fan.

A correspondent of the Indiana State Journal gives a rich account of a Democratic Convention in that neighborhood.

The Douglas men triumphed over the Postoffice party. It was said that the Postmaster (Talbot) had prepared a list of delegates:

Tanner (Douglasite) said he had no personal desire to make; that his name was not on that list. Somehow it never got on such papers, for which he was willing to believe that the gentleman who had denied knowledge of the matter spoke truth, but he knew that somebody was guilty of the trick. It was useless to deny, in the face of this community, that there is and has long since been cheating in the management of our conventions in this city. No man can deny that there have been, of a certain political bias, in the Palmer House, in the public offices, and in other and dirtier holes and corners. [To wit: certain liquor saloons and gambling dens.] The object of all this wireworking is to force the nomination of Martin M. Ray upon the Democratic masses of this District. They don't want Mr. Ray and they won't have him. [Applause.] No man can deny that this is a part and parcel of their plan. The operations of these gentlemen are not to be confined to this District. I understand that the Juries of the Federal Court are to be discharged to enable them and the U. S. Marshal and his deputies and creatures, with a score more of those political lazzaroni who hang like buzzards about the State Capitol—to enable this posse of political vagabonds to attend the Congressional Convention at Seymour, to aid in forcing Mr. Hughes upon a Democracy who despise him—don't want him, and won't have him! [Great fluttering among the Leocomptones—particularly among the enemies of the tiger. Here the postmaster's brother couldn't stand it any longer.]

Talbot's brother.—I call the gentleman to order. I hope he will confine himself to our own district.

Tanner.—I am glad Mr. Talbot has recalled my attention to him. There is much matter worthy of my attention at home. Now I assert that there is a Talbot clique here. [Diminutive individual speaks "order," and hopes nobody will pay any attention to Mr. Tanner. The Post Master said he never cared for the abuse of men he didn't consider Democrats.]

Tanner.—Mr. Talbot, do you endorse the Cincinnati Platform?

Talbot (P. M.)—I do.

Tanner.—Do you endorse Green's English bill?

Talbot.—Certainly.

Tanner.—No man can endorse both; it is a contradiction in terms. And no Democrat can endorse the latter. Now Mr. John Talbot Post Master, Esq., I challenge you, or any flunky of yours (and I pity any man that can be your flunky) to give a single evidence that I am not as good a Democrat as any in this house. No man can do it. [Here Mr. W. H. Talbot said he would settle with Tanner "elsewhere," to which Tanner replied that nothing would please him more.]

WALKING INDICATIVE OF CHARACTER.—Fowler says: A short and quick step indicates a brisk and active, but rather contracted mind, whereas those who take long steps generally have long heads. Those who sluff or draw their heels, drag and crawl in everything; while those who have a springing, bounding step abound in a mental snap and spring. Those whose walk is mincing, affecting and artificial, rarely if ever accomplish much, whereas those who walk carelessly, that is naturally, are just what they appear to be, and put on nothing for outside show. Those who in walking, roll from side to side, lack directness of character, and side every way, according to circumstances. In short every individual has his own peculiar mode of moving, which exactly accords with his mental character; so far as you can see such modes, you can decipher the outline of character.

Wife Taming.—The Boston Gazette announces Mr. Paul Prettyman as the teacher of the art of wife taming, at the low price of \$50 per lesson. Here are some of his certificates:

"This is to certify that Paul Prettyman has succeeded in subduing my wife. He took her when in her most restless condition, and in one hour she was cooking a beefsteak with the placidity of an angel."

JAS. P. HONKER.

Mr. Prettyman has full liberty to refer to me. His art I consider the greatest desideratum of married life. He quieted Mrs. Simpkins who was always ugly in double harness, and accomplished wonders. Not a shirt button has been missing since the date of his trial.

P. SIMPKINS, NEWARK, N. J.

POINTLESS SERMONS.—In one of his discourses, John Newton has this pithy remark: "Many sermons, ingenious in their kind, may be compared to a letter put in the post-office without a direction. It is addressed to nobody, it is owned by nobody, and if a hundred people were to read it not one of them would think himself concerned in the contents. Such a sermon, whatever excellencies it may have, lacks the chief requisite of a sermon. It is like a sword which has a polished blade, a jeweled hilt, and a gorgeous scabbard, but yet will not cut, and, therefore, to all real use, is no sword. The truth properly presented has an edge, it pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, it is a discernment of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

A Mrs. Smith, having lost her husband, advertised after this fashion: "Lost, Strayed or Stolen.—An individual whom I, in an unguarded moment of loneliness, was thoughtless enough to adopt as my husband. He is a good looking and feeble individual, knowing enough, however, to go in when it rains, unless some good looking girl offers him her umbrella. Any body who will bring him carefully back, so that I can chastise him for running away will be asked to take tea by Henrietta A. Smith."

WIT AND HUMOR.

Love without money has been compared to a pair of shiny leather boots without soles.

Poetry is said to be a gift, but it very often proves to be a theft.

With many women, going to church is little better than looking into a bonnet shop.

A governess advertising for a situation, says she is a perfect mistress of her own tongue.

To make hens lay perpetually—hit them a well directed blow on the head with a club.

The following contains the alphabet: John P. Brady, give me a black walnut box of quite a small size.

When Sheridan was asked what kind of wine he liked best, he answered, "other people's." There are a good many Sheridans now-a-days.

Last year the women of the United States spent thirty-eight millions of dollars for finery.

An intimate friend of ours says that when Shakespeare wrote—"Oh! what a fall was there my countrymen!" he had a prophetic eye to the fall of 1857.

Mistress—"I think, cook, we must part this day month."

Cook—(in astonishment).—"Why, ma'am! I am sure I've let you 'ave your own way in most everything!"

IT is related that a lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great King of Prussia.

"Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly."

"That is none of my business," said the King.

"But he speaks ill of you," said the lady.

"That," replied he, "is none of your business."

OLD THOUGHTS.—1. Gray hairs, like honest friends, are plucked out and cast aside for telling unpleasant truths. 2.—When a woman begins to count her admirers, it is a proof that their number is decreasing. 3. Traveling now-a-days consists in living in railways and sleeping at hotels. 4. Robison Crusoe was evidently a confirmed old bachelor, or else his first thought on seeking a footmark on the sand would have been immediately to discover whether or no it was the footprint of a woman.

"IF CAREFUL FOR THREE."—The human heart is ever seeking some one upon which to lavish its tender affections, and by which it may be loved and cherished in return. If this great want is not met in the soul, there is an aching void the world may never feel—a secret loneliness no lapse of time may destroy. When human sympathy is lost to such a soul, it turns not in vain to a higher fountain of happiness and is satisfied, while amid the calm stillness which reigns supreme steals a gentle voice, "He careth for thee."

A schoolmaster, wishing his pupils to have a clear idea of faith, illustrated it thus: "Here is an apple; you see it, and I place it under this ten-cup, you have faith that it is there, though you no longer see it." The lady seemed to understand perfectly; and the next time the master asked them, "What is faith?" they answered, with one accord, "An apple under a ten-cup."

"Jury," said an Arkansas Judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used." They returned a verdict of suicide in the ninth degree.

Rudolph says that, once upon a time a colored cook expected company of her own kind, and was at a loss how to entertain her friends.

Her mistress said: "Chloe, you must make an apology."

"Good Lord! missus, how can I make it? I got no eggs, no butter, nor nothing to make it with."

A lunatic once informed his physician, who was classifying cases of insanity, that he had lost his wits by watching a politician whose course was so crooked that it turned his brain.

Pedagogue—"Well sir, what does h-a-i spell?" Boy—"Don't know." Pedagogue—"What have you got on your head?" Boy—"I guess it's a skeeter bite it itches like thunder."

Wh— is a kiss like creation? Because it is made of nothing, and yet it is something.

## News Items.

The Steubenville Herald says that Mr. Geiselman of that place has lost 500 hogs by the prevailing epidemic.

Two hundred and eighteen unfortunate canines were slaughtered in the New York dogpound yesterday.

In Louisiana, there are over fifteen thousand square miles of fertile alluvial soil, which lie below high water mark, and require to be protected by artificial embankments.

In Providence a couple of Aeronautes inflated a large balloon, (either it with a line four hundred feet long, permit people to ascend into the clouds for five dollars a head and pull them down again with a windlass.

The Paris Union declares that statistical returns have just revealed the fact that there are now in France one million eight hundred thousand young females of a marriageable age, who are on the look out for husbands.

A Miss Sargeant of Fremont, Michigan a few days since sprinkled strychnine upon a piece of pumpkin pie and on going to bed eat it. She died in three hours, giving as a cause for the act that she was tired of life, having become a burden to the world.

The Detroit Tribune learns from the Clerk of the Illinois, that a small sail boat with eight men who were going from the Bruce Mine to the Sault was capsized, sixteen miles below the Sault and four of the number were drowned. One drowned was James Lord of the Bruce Mine and the four others were strangers from LaSalle, Illinois.

The Detroit Free Press states that a young man connected with one of the most respectable families of that city, lately coming into possession of some property, raised the wind by mortgaging his estate and went off with a fifth rate female dancer and a negro melodist.

After various experiments with all sorts of paving for twenty-five years, Boston has returned to cobblestones, as the only convenient and practicable material. The iron pavement is better, but too expensive. All the other paving materials have proved inferior to cobblestones.

The Middletown Point Times says that Mr. Charles Malcolm, who owns a farm a few miles from that place, a few days since found a transparent stone, about the size of a large bullet, which competent judges say is a diamond worth some \$10,000 or \$12,000.

The Catholics of Lafayette, Ind., having purchased a square of ground in that city for the purpose of erecting a cathedral nursery, school, &c. The whole will cost \$100,000.

A "meeting" came off last week near New Orleans, on the Metairie Ridge, broadsword being the weapons used. Both parties were badly hurt; one of them barely escaped having his head cut off the cut inflicting a severe and dangerous wound. One of the parties was a Creole and the other from St. Martinique.

The last "agon" advertised by the merchants for the ladies is "The Princess Royal Looped Extension Bridal Skirt." It is pronounced to be "perfection itself" having attached to it a new bustle, simple and entirely free from any intricate, cumbersome or useless appendages. That's the kind! "The Princess Royal Looped Extension Bridal" &c., will probably have a great sale.

THE IOWA GOLD EXCITEMENT.—The Dubuque Times says that gold is found at Epworth and is washed out of black sand. Gold has also been found in Dubuque county in the township of Whitewater, in the farm of Mr. Burns, and Californians say it is in sufficient quantities to pay for digging. It is mixed with black sand and appears in particles from the size of a grain of wheat down to a small speck.

A correspondent writing from Jasper county, Iowa, under date of the 24th inst., says with reference to the crops: "We have had a very wet season so far, and but little corn has been planted as yet. Up to this time, some farmers have not made a furrow for corn, and the prospect for the crop is decidedly discouraging. Wheat and other small grain look well."

HOW TO CUT GLASS WITH A PIECE OF IRON.—Draw with a pencil on paper a pattern, to which you would have the glass conform; place the pattern under the glass holding both together in the left hand, (for the glass must not rest on any plain surface,) then take a common spike or some similar piece of iron, heat the point of it to redness, and apply it to the edge of the glass; draw the iron slowly forward, and the edge of the glass will immediately crack; continue moving the iron slowly over the glass, tracing the pattern, and the clink in the glass will follow at the distance of about half an inch, in every direction, according to the motion of the iron. It may sometimes be found requisite, however, especially in forming corners, to apply a wet finger to the opposite side of the glass. Tumblers and other glasses may be cut or divided very fancifully by similar means. The iron must be re-heated as often as the crevice in the glass ceases to follow. —Scientific American.

A GIANTIC PROJECT.—Several men of wealth in New York, Buffalo, and Chicago have it in contemplation to establish some where in the West, a leviathan farm of some 100,000 to 200,000 acres. Their object is to do for agriculture, by the use of machinery which has been done in the past half century by the railroad and factory to supersede the old stage coach and the spinning wheel. They will organize the vast tract into two rival establishments, with a military organization of labor, gigantic machinery to plow, plant, reap, and render harvests, vast herds of horses, sheep, cattle of the most select stock, and the culture of fruit and grains on a grand scale.

A faithful friend is the true image of the Deity.